

DAGO v. HODGE.

Startling Proposal of Italian Labour for Our Farms.

We have already the alien question in its acutest forms in our towns: Italy has been considering the question of "dumping" her peasants in our country districts. But the prospect of an Italianised Sussex or Dorset is still far distant, for the report of Signor Righetti, the Italian Vice-Consul in London, is not promising.

After making inquiries, on the suggestion of his Government, on the opportunities Italian emigrants would have as farm hands in Great Britain, Signor Righetti reports (says Reuter) that he has come to the conclusion that agriculture is being gradually abandoned in this country, and that this will go on owing to the impossibility of making the cultivation of land a remunerative occupation.

Free trade and industrial development have caused the decadence of agriculture, and there is not enough work even for the English and Irish peasants.

"If," continues the report, "there were a real demand for agricultural labour, Italian labourers would be well received in the United Kingdom; but, as there is no such demand, an immigration of Italians would not be favourably received. Public opinion is on the whole against foreign labourers, and a Parliamentary Commission is now engaged in studying how such immigration can best be checked."

Signor Righetti, in short, thinks England is not the country to which the Italian peasant could emigrate with benefit, especially as he could not become an owner of the land he cultivated.

POLITE BUT PASSIVE.

Resister Courts Distraint and Regrets His Affluence.

A Mr. Walter Warren regrets:—

"That any enlightened English Government should try and compel me to pay for the propagation of religious views with which I do not agree; that I should give you (who have had nothing to do with the inquisitorial imposition) the smallest trouble; and

"That I have any goods upon which it is possible to distraint, and, therefore, no chance of resisting payment to the extreme of a demand which is such a flagrant violation of constitutional right, common-sense, and justice."

Mr. Warren's regrets were posted to the rate-collector with a cheque in payment of his rates, less 3s. 9d., the amount he estimated would be required by the Voluntary schools.

This polite letter-writer is a barrister, a member of the Finchley District Council, and president of the local ratepayers' association.

He is now awaiting the consequences of his rash act.

Catholic v. Protestant.

Great Firms Deny That Religion is a Bar to Employment in Ireland.

Commenting upon the statement that the Catholic Association is trying to bring about a boycott of Protestants by Catholic employers and traders, a correspondent of the *Daily Mirror* recently wrote:—

It is a notorious fact that a mere Catholic stands a ghastly chance of even clerical work at Guinness's Brewery, the Great Northern (of Ireland) Railway, the Midland, the Great Southern, etc.

I have myself been turned away from one great Irish firm because I happened to belong to the "idolatrious creed."

The *Daily Mirror* has now received the following letters from several of the great employers of labour in Ireland, four of whom repudiate the statement made by Carriga Bhaidhte, the fifth, Messrs. Guinness, preferring to remain silent.

Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver, Ltd., who are at the head of the Belfast linen industry, write:—

"We beg to state that in engaging employees we do not inquire as to what religious persuasion they belong to, and although we are a Protestant firm, we believe we have hundreds of Catholics in our employ."

Mr. Joseph Tatlow, the manager of the Midland Great Western Railway of Ireland, writes:—

"I beg to inform you that religious questions do not, in any way, influence, nor have they ever influenced, this company in the appointment or promotion of their employees."

Messrs. Harland and Wolff, the famous Belfast shipbuilders, write:—

"We need hardly say that the question of religion

never enters into our consideration. We employ sometimes over 12,000 men, and to inquire into their religion would be out of the question even if we felt disposed to do so, which we should not.

"We make no distinctions between Protestants and Catholics when engaging men; it would be absurd to do so.

"Competence, so far as it can be ascertained, is the only passport into our employment."

The Secretary of the Great Northern of Ireland Railway writes: "I am desired to give you the following extract from a newspaper report of my chairman's address to the proprietors at the last half-yearly meeting of the company, in August, 1903, viz:—

A gentleman spoke as to the employment of Roman Catholics. He (the chairman) wished to say that they (the company) knew nothing whatever of distinction in politics or religion with regard to those they employed. If any specified grievance could be shown supported by proof the Board would be only too pleased to have a most careful investigation made into the matter.

And I am to add that precisely the same principles actuate the company at the present time."

Messrs. Guinness, the great brewers, inform us that it is contrary to their practice to reply to statements which may appear in the public Press.

MAN WITH MANY MEMORIES.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

GENEVA, Monday.

The last diligence on the St. Gothard route has made its last journey, and thus disappears one of the most picturesque personages in this country, the driver—Michel Danoth.

Danoth has regularly carried the post and passengers from Fluelen to Camerlata for the last thirty years, and has been in the Government service for fifty-three years.

Before the Gothard tunnel was pierced everybody coming or going to Italy used the Gothard post, and Danoth, bluff and good-natured, was a great favourite with all.

Many great men have occupied the box-seat with Danoth, whose reminiscences would fill a good-sized book.

"Yes, the good old times have gone by," he said in a husky voice, as he quitted his beloved seat for the last time, and watched the old diligence disappearing in the courtyard.

The body of a young woman, respectably dressed, was last evening found floating in the River Thames at Windsor.

MUCH DEPENDS ON A VERDICT.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

BRUSSELS, Sunday.

On the 9th of next month the Courts here will be occupied with a case interesting to the whole of Europe. It is a question of the money of the late Queen of the Belgians.

The action is taken by the Parisian creditors of Princess Louise of Coburg and Princess Stephanie, now Countess Lonyay. The latter has charged Maître Paul Janson, deputy of Brussels, with her interests, and counsel will plead in her name that the late Queen Henrietta's wealth was held in common with that of the King—that, in fact, there was a community of fortune.

If this claim is admitted, it will mean much for King Leopold's daughters. Instead of their fortune being put at £6,000 each, it will be increased to £600,000.

Two curious accidents are reported from Norfolk. At Tofreese a widow was found drowned in a water-butt, while a boy entering a shop at Recham was killed by the sudden fall of an iron column.

PRICE OF "PARADISE LOST."

£4,750 Refused for MS. that Milton Sold for £25.

Milton earned £25 by the copyright of his "Paradise Lost." Such was the price of literary work in the seventeenth century.

Yesterday the MS. of Book I. of the epic, recently discovered, was bought in at £5,000. There had been many weeks of suspense lest such a treasure should leave the country, and enormous interest was taken in the auction. Seldom has the big room at Sotheby's been so thronged.

The manuscript lay upon the baize-covered table, enclosed in a glass frame.

Those who could get near enough peered at the faded, somewhat irregular writing. Others, who could not, listened in to energetic whispers.

Mr. Hodge, the auctioneer, was greeted by the faint clapping of hands as he ascended the rostrum. "The volume," he said, "was the most important, from a national point of view, ever offered for public sale."

There was a momentary silence after the auctioneer's appeal for bids. "Now, gentlemen, gentlemen," said Mr. Hodge, reprovingly, "and a voice in the corner offered £50."

"Let us start with £100," and the auctioneer looked round encouragingly. Sotheby's own assistants, buying for a client, carried the figure to £150. From the opposite corner of the room came another voice, "Two hundred."

Probably going to France.

Then there were cries of "Fifty," "Three hundred," "Fifty," "Four hundred," and so on, up to £1,000. After that the figures mounted by hundreds. There was no sound save the auctioneer's voice. A nod here, a nod there, and the price mounted steadily. At £3,000 one bidder fell out.

At £3,150 a noticeable pause came. "Dear me! dear me! I gentlemen," he looked at Mr. Hodge, "it's not half enough yet."

Appealingly towards London's most famous book seller, but Mr. Quaritch made no sign.

Almost reluctantly the bidding went forward again. There was no excitement, no eagerness, no very sensational competition. "Come, come,"

Mr. Hodge smiled pathetically. "Come, come," he said, "it's not enough yet."

Two more bids were made. But the auctioneer did not raise his hammer.

"I can't accept that," he gave a final glance at the group on his left. "Then I must buy it myself," he continued, "for £5,000."

An almost inaudible hum sounded in the room, and the crowd melted quietly away.

M. Louis Bihn, the Paris book-seller, who had asked if £5,000 would be accepted. "Yes," said Mr. Hodge, and M. Bihn desired two or three days to notify a client. He could, he thought, get that price.

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WHITE MEN AND WOMEN SLAIN IN SAVAGE AFRICA.

TO-DAY'S NEWS AT A GLANCE.

Prince of Wales, who dines at Lincoln's Inn tonight, will call seventeen gentlemen to the Bar.

Portrait of Mr. Thomas Hardy and the late Sir Edgar Hunt appear on page 5.

Reviews of a capital novel and a book on Oxford the latest found on page 10.

A photograph of a picture postcard with portraits of King Alexander and Queen Draga, which was suppressed by the Serbian police, is on page 8.

A portrait of Lady Curzon, who will soon return to London to grace the London season, appears on page 9.

An illustrated history of the Cornish farthing fund and the story of Miss Marie and the "Winter" of 1890-1891 appears on page 6.

Arthur Lynch, who was sentenced to death for the murder of a woman whose sentence was afterwards commuted to one of penal servitude for life, has been released on licence from Lewes gaol.

The first of two matches between the M.C.C. and the Australians commenced yesterday, the English being all dismissed for 185, and the Colonials being out for four wickets. (Page 11.)

The North against South Association football match the former won by 4 goals to nil. (Page 11.)

Gertrude Morrisey, who has been granted a divorce, told the Court that she and her husband, an ex-Lieutenant in the Navy, had lived together for two days in 1892. (Page 2.)

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A portrait of the great counsel appears on page 4.

Paris Metropolitan Railway authorities have decided to adopt a system of traction similar to that of the Central London "Tube."

Miss Alix, who performed the feat of looping the loop in a motor-car at the London Motor Show in June, has been seriously injured in an accident through being thrown from her car. An account of the accident appears on page 10.

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BRITISH FORCE CUT UP.

A British expedition has, it is reported, been cut up by a savage tribe in East Africa. The announcement is contained in a telegram from Nairobi, the headquarters of the Uganda Railway, dispatched to the Foreign Office by Sir Charles Eliot, Commissioner for the East Africa Protectorate.

The telegram merely states that a rumour had reached the Commissioner that a prospecting expedition dispatched by the East Africa Syndicate had been cut up by the Turkhanas.

The syndicate, says Reuter, has an expedition working in the Rudolph region. It consists of four white men and the usual number of carriers and porters. It left Nairobi, in which neighbourhood the Europeans had been engaged in prospecting work, in October last, to march towards Lake Rudolph, where gold had been reported.

Since their departure no news had been received of the party, nor was any expected, owing to the remoteness of the region to which they were bound. The Turkhanas are a particularly warlike and hostile race of great stature, who have in the past given much trouble to travellers, and from whom a former British expedition, under Major Austin and Major Bright, had much difficulty in escaping.

The disaster recently reported from Northern Nigeria, when Captain D. S. P. O'Riordan and Mr. C. Amyatt-Burney, District Superintendent of Police, were killed, now proves to have been much more serious than was at first thought, and that, although the loss of European life was

limited to the two officers named, the greater part of the escort was cut up.

The force, which consisted of two officers, fifteen soldiers, and thirty-seven police, was probably engaged on a patrol among the Okpoto people.

Only fifteen of the men succeeded in escaping to Lokojia. The two officers and thirty-seven of the escort were killed.

On the news reaching headquarters preparations were made for dispatching a force of three hundred men to the scene of the disaster, where heavy fighting was expected.

Bassa is a little known and very wild province inhabited by extremely truculent tribes, such as the Okpotos and Munshis, who practise barbarous rites and are continually guilty of outrages.

SETTLERS MURDERED.

Serious news comes to hand from German South-West Africa, where the wide-spread revolt of the Herero tribe is causing great alarm.

An official dispatch (says Reuter) has been received at Berlin stating that Windhoek, one of the chief strongholds, is still threatened, and five bodies of natives are marching against it. The garrison consists of 230 men, partly mounted troops, with two machine guns.

The attempts to relieve Okahandja were unsuccessful and attended by heavy loss. On the 15th inst. a reconnoitring party had a successful engagement at Fara Hoffnung. Lieutenant Boyesen, of the Reserve, one non-commissioned officer, and six men were killed.

Five settlers, with their wives and children, have been murdered.

PANIC AT A COURT BALL.

Unseemly Incidents at the Greek Royal Palace.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

ATHENS, Saturday.

The Court ball has been marked by unpleasant incidents. Whilst formerly officers accompanied the ladies to supper, which was held in the salon on the first floor of the Castle, this year they were forbidden to do so, as a special pavilion had been erected, in which the general supper was to take place.

It appears that this command of the King was not known to several officers, who accompanied the ladies to the select supper room. The King's aide-de-camp, Lieutenant-Colonel Wakalogios, requested these officers to leave their places, but they protested, saying that they could not leave until other gentlemen arrived to look after the ladies.

Annoyed because his orders were disregarded, the aide-de-camp had several of the younger officers put under arrest.

In the pavilion also an unseemly incident occurred, several of the guests, in their eagerness to secure good places, upsetting the tables. Before the supper hour arrived the tent was virtually stormed. The guests refused to leave their places at the request of Lieutenant-Colonel Wakalogios, and the gas was extinguished, with the result that a panic broke out in the tent.

The officers are of opinion that the King's commands were too harshly interpreted. The King, who was greatly annoyed at the incidents, has ordered a strict inquiry into the circumstances.

KAISER IN A THEATRE PANIC.

A number of curious false alarms nearly leading to panics have occurred at several Berlin theatres, telegraphs Reuter.

In the Royal Schauspielhaus, during a performance at which the Emperor William was present, an attempt to lower the iron curtain during the entree failed, and some commotion was caused, though no reason existed for it.

KING OGBY'S 'OGGISHNESS.

Where Human Beings are Eaten and Tanned.

Captain Foote, of the good ship Mary Hendry, has reached Barbadoes with a story that must make the local niggers appreciate the blessings of British rule.

Trading down the West African coast, Captain Foote reached that part of Southern Nigeria which is swayed by King Ogby. His Majesty was entertained on the British vessel, and the roast pork provided was so much to his liking that, after five helpings, and when he could eat no more, the King asked whether so savoury a joint was not composed of human flesh—white man's flesh.

King Ogby and his subjects, Captain Foote subsequently discovered, are cannibals to a man.

The monarch has over a thousand slaves, wives in quantities, and children to match. When Captain Foote asked him for some leather wherewith to make a pair of slippers, the King despatched a slave to the ship with a parcel, which, on being opened, was discovered to contain the hide of a negro, from neck to waist, who had been specially selected by his Majesty on account of the toughness of his skin.

Captain Foote asked for no more leather.

FOUR TIMES TRIED FOR MURDER.

From Australia comes news of a remarkable murder trial, a man named Ernest McDonald, of New South Wales, having been ordered to answer to the capital charge for the fourth time.

It was in May last year that McDonald was arrested, and he came before a jury for a third time in December with no result, the difference of opinion attending the efforts of the two earlier juries again prevailing. McDonald, now on bail, is to appear before the next Circuit Court at Sydney.

Accused was employed by a family named Keane, of which four members were taken ill after eating curry that was poisoned. In one case the illness was fatal. For the prosecution it is alleged that McDonald placed arsenic in the curry, but this he stoutly denies, and is confident he will prove his innocence.

TRAGEDY FOLLOWS A WEDDING.

A pretty girl named Helena Nicolie was married two days ago to a young Serbian at Szeged-Csej, Hungary. The ceremony over, the customary firing marking all such occasions took place, during which the unlucky bride was hit by a carelessly fired shot and killed.

The man who discharged the gun was in such a state of despair, says our Vienna correspondent, that he was with difficulty prevented from shooting himself.

TOOK PRUSSIC ACID.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson's son, Mr. Mordaunt Lawson, was found unconscious in a first-class carriage of the train which arrived at Wigan (Cumberland) at six o'clock yesterday evening.

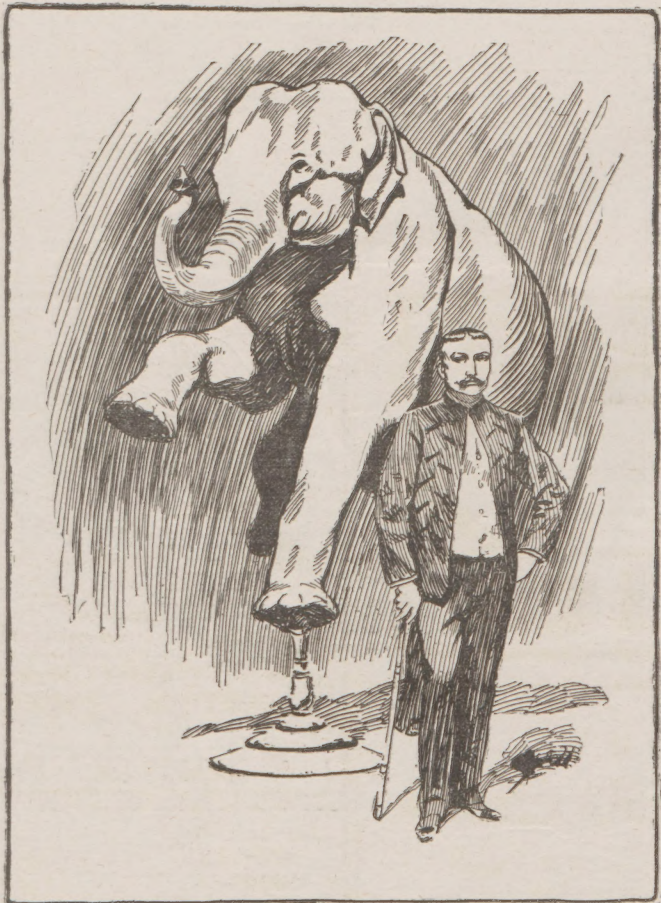
Beside him lay an empty bottle labelled prussic acid. A doctor who was summoned held out little hope of recovery.

DUEL WITH AN UNUSUAL END.

A remarkable duel has been fought at Rogensdorf, near Vienna. Two peasants, madly in love with the same girl, decided to fight each other with knives till death should settle the point.

In the end both were so severely wounded that they were carried to hospital in a dying condition.

The Elephant That Killed Her Friend.



Mr. George Lockhart with the elephant "Saucy" that killed him.

(Drawn by our artist from a photograph.)

There was a very real affection between Mr. George Lockhart and his animals, and it is peculiarly sad he should meet his death by an involuntary movement from an animal that has nightly stepped over him on the stage, and shown a human care and tenderness in its performance.

Mr. George Lockhart and his brother Sam started life as clowns in a circus. A trip to the Far East introduced them to the Burmese elephant and its wonderful docility under training.

"Saucy"—not "Charlie," as was at first stated—is the elephant that killed Mr. Lockhart. She is one of a troupe of four.

The other three are named "Mustard," "Salt," and "Vinegar," respectively, and all, like "Saucy," share in the show.

"Saucy," one of our representatives was informed, is in nowise a truculent beast; like the rest of its tribe in general, and its colleagues in particular, it is singularly docile.

Every trick it is expected to do is done well

and without either murmur or even trumpeting, and the accident that led to Mr. Lockhart's death in nowise indicates a sudden outburst of temper or spleen.

When a *Daily Mirror* representative saw the quartette in their stables at Walthamstow they appeared to be upon most friendly terms with everyone, and held out their trunks in the most familiar manner for any oddments that one might have brought them.

"Saucy," it was true, was relegated to a somewhat back stall in the stable, and appeared to be chafing a little at the freedom which the others enjoyed with strangers, but from which she was debarred.

Mrs. Lockhart is prostrate with grief at the death of her husband. She lives at Brighton, and our representative was informed that a letter which had been received at Walthamstow yesterday told that she had a presentiment that something was wrong.

The death is announced of Sir Graham Berry, more than once Premier of Victoria; and for some time Agent-General of Victoria in London.

In the international fancy-skating competition at Berlin Mr. and Mrs. Syers, of London, were awarded first for pairs.

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COUNTY COURT JUDGE SEVERELY CENSURED.

Judge Emden's Altercation With Counsel is Condemned by the Lord Chief Justice and a New Trial is Ordered.

MR. LAWSON WALTON'S TURN

Oratorical Charm Follows Statistical Lucidity in the Whitaker Wright Trial.

The second of the three great speeches of the Whitaker Wright trial was delivered yesterday. On Friday last Mr. Isaac gave his memorable statistical display. To-morrow Mr. Justice Bigham will make a pronouncement on company law and morality that will be probably treasured up in legal books for centuries.

The second speech of the trio was an impassioned appeal to the jury on the defendant's behalf by Mr. Lawson Walton, and supplied a complement for any deficiency in the flowers of rhetoric that the other speeches may be considered to show.

In fact, Mr. Lawson Walton's effort contained enough oratorical charm to garnish fifty final speeches.

Mr. Lawson Walton has all the arts of the orator at his finger ends. Pathos, indignation, argument, persuasion, sarcasm, frankness, one might almost say fury, are equally at his command. Yesterday he brought into requisition the whole of his repertoire.

Indignation.

It was indignation that he had most recourse to during the opening part of his speech. He drew a picture of the "undisguised vindictiveness" of the prosecution, a prosecution "that had submitted Mr. Whitaker Wright both by question and innuendo to accusations of every kind of duplicity, of falsehood, and of misrepresentation."

Definitely turning from indignation to pathos, Mr. Walton called attention to the position of Mr. Wright and his family face to face with impending ruin unless the jury took the right course.

Then, again, indignation held sway when Mr. Walton asked where were Mr. Wright's co-directors, the men who sat with him at the board meetings? Two of them, Lord Dufferin and Lord Loch, were dead, and if these two had been alive no one would have dared to bring such charges against them as were now brought against Mr. Wright.

Yet there were other directors still alive, Mr. Leman and Lord Pelham Clinton among them. Why did they not take their places by Mr. Wright's side, if not as defendants, at any rate as witnesses?

Sarcasm.

Calling sarcasm to his aid in the climax that followed, Mr. Walton pointed out that these directors were not waxworks worked by strings pulled by Mr. Wright.

When he came to the figures, among which Mr. Isaacs had performed so valiantly, Mr. Walton employed argument and persuasion, and was almost his learned friend's equal in the readiness and dexterity with which he handled options and toyed with balance-sheets.

The peroration was worthy of the speech, and culminated with a passage of extreme eloquence, in which Mr. Walton conjured the jury to do their duty like Englishmen, by finding Mr. Wright not guilty.

The technique and skill of Mr. Walton's speech were pleasing to everybody in court, but to no one were his words more pleasing than to Mr. Whitaker Wright, on whose unemotional face gratification from time to time was palpably marked.

It is expected that the verdict will be arrived at some time this afternoon.

CLERKLY IGNORANCE.

Magistrates' Courts Disagree as to Their Powers Over Stage-Children.

An application was made yesterday to the Windsor magistrates by the manager of the "No Cross No Crown" Company for a licence to enable a girl under fourteen to appear at the local theatre. The clerk to the magistrates said a new Act came into force on January 1 to the effect that no child under fourteen could be employed at a theatre after nine o'clock at night.

On the applicant remarking that he had obtained a licence at Dover the clerk replied that perhaps the clerk there had not heard of the new Act. The magistrates decided to grant a licence only up to nine o'clock, which the applicant accepted.

A legal correspondent remarks that the justices' clerk at Windsor has hardly read very deeply into the Act he claims to interpret or he would have noticed that although by Section 3 no child under fourteen may be employed after nine p.m. an entirely new element is introduced into the Act by Section 2.

This re-enacts the Prevention of Cruelty to Children Act of 1894, and under this latter Act the magistrates have power to vary generally the time during which a child may be licensed to perform. As a matter of fact, at Bow-street and other metropolitan courts, children under fourteen have since January 1 been licensed to appear after nine, and in a particular instance last Monday the magistrate mentioned eleven o'clock as the time when the children were to leave the house of entertainment.

Simms' cat stole a haddock and ran upstairs with it, Simms threw a jug, the first thing handy, which hit Mrs. Simms. So said Simms, but he was given three months for the accident.

"Commercial travellers have to drink a good deal," Mr. Fordham believes. "Whisky and soda after whisky and soda shorten a man's life, and though he may not get drunk, he is generally under the influence of drink."

Judge Emden's outspokenness in the course of a case before him at Lambeth County Court has brought down upon him a severe rebuke from the Lord Chief Justice.

The case was that of Crabbe and others v. Lee and another, in which a Mr. Joseph George Joseph appeared as counsel for defendants, from whom it was sought to recover £27 odd on the plea that it had been improperly deducted from commission in a certain transaction. The action came to an abrupt termination, for Mr. Joseph, complaining that he could not obtain a fair hearing, and was deprived, by the action of Judge Emden, of his right to cross-examine, retired from the case.

Subsequently a rule nisi was obtained for the removal of the trial from the Lambeth County Court into the High Court for a writ of prohibition preventing the Judge of that Court from hearing it on the ground that there would be a denial of justice to the defendants if the case proceeded in the County Court.

Yesterday the Lord Chief Justice, Mr. Justice Wills, and Mr. Justice Kennedy were asked to consider the question as to whether the rule should be made absolute.

During the cross-examination of Mrs. Crabbe,

the plaintiff, and of Mr. Crabbe, Mr. Joseph was, it was said, continuously interrupted by the Judge, who said, "I would soon dispose of this case if I were alone."

Mr. Joseph told the judge that he interposed at almost every question he put. The judge rejoined that that was absolutely false, and, unless counsel apologised, he could not proceed with the case. Mr. Joseph said he had nothing to apologise for, and he was then told to sit down, as the learned judge could not hear him after his conduct, which he considered disgraceful.

Affidavits, on the other hand, were read to the effect that what took place had been greatly exaggerated and distorted by the other side.

The Lord Chief Justice said the case raised a matter of very grave and serious character. He certainly thought that at an early stage of the plaintiff's case the judge seemed to have interposed in a way which would not conduce to the impartial hearing of the case. All that took place culminated in an altercation which was most unseemly.

The action of Judge Emden was deeply to be regretted, the Lord Chief Justice added, and he ordered the case to be tried in the King's Bench Division.

MARGUERITE CORNEILLE.



The charming little music hall artiste.

MARRIAGE TROUBLES OF SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

ARMY—

Mrs. St. John Brodrick married a captain in the Army—Captain Laurence St. John Brodrick.

Captain Brodrick proved unfaithful, in a way that, fortunately, and in spite of unkind proverbs to the contrary, they do not often have in the Army.

Mrs. Brodrick told the President of the Divorce Court yesterday that she was married to the faithless soldier in 1892.

In 1902 he left her to go to South Africa.

After he had gone she discovered, by opening a letter addressed to him, that he was compromised with another woman, a former domestic servant, and that a child had been born of this intrigue. It was a letter about money for the child that was opened.

From the very first the marriage had been an unhappy one.

Mrs. Brodrick obtained a decree of judicial separation.

—AND NAVY.

Mrs. Gertrude Morrissey married a lieutenant in the Navy—Lieutenant Richard Patrick Morrissey.

Lieutenant Morrissey proved unfaithful, in a way that, fortunately, and in spite of unkind proverbs to the contrary, they do not often have in the Navy.

Mrs. Morrissey told the President of the Divorce Court yesterday that she was married to the faithless sailor in 1892.

Four days afterwards he left her to go to China.

After he had gone she discovered that he was not true to her.

The three days that their married life together lasted were very unhappy. On the wedding night the sailor was absent from home until two a.m. On the second night he was "three sheets in the wind" and took a sleeping draught. On the third night he came home "half seas over."

Mrs. Morrissey obtained a decree nisi.

"COLONEL" LYNCH FREE.

He Looked Ill, and Went Away With His Wife to Recuperate Before Coming to London.

"Colonel" Lynch, a year ago, was sentenced to death on a charge of treason-felony for fighting against his fellow-countrymen in South Africa. The sentence was afterwards commuted to one of penal servitude.

He was released on license from Lewes Gaol on Sunday, after serving only twelve months of his time.

He will have full personal liberty. He may even leave the country, but he must not sit in Parliament, or take any position of trust.

Periodical reporting will follow a short time, as it was of Mr. Michael Davitt, and the license may be withdrawn in quite a short time.

Late on Saturday night "Colonel" Lynch's friends first heard of his forthcoming release. They were asked if the whereabouts of Mr. Lynch could be immediately supplied, but the message added that this was not to be taken as an implication that Lynch was to be released.

But, with her mother, Mrs. Lynch went down to Lewes by the last train on Saturday night. Acting on instructions from the Home Office, he met her husband outside the prison gates at the spent the night in the town.

The "Colonel" was not well. Perhaps to his wife's eyes he looked worse than he was, for he was clean shaven, close cropped, and haggard. The release had been so unanticipated that he had not received the usual permission to grow his hair and moustache.

Husband and wife immediately took train northwards — their destination a secluded spot where the "Colonel" might recuperate. They will return afterwards to Dieppe and Rouen, and thence to London in about three weeks.

Lynch had been longer in gaol than any other convict in Cape Colony or Natal, and there is quite a stir in Irish quarters in London at the news of his release.

His enthusiasm is not damped by the fact that a convict released on licence may at any time be called on to resume serving his original sentence.

PUSHFUL P.C.'s.

Anxiety to Keep the Peace Leads to Trouble in the Goswell Road.

Excess of zeal on duty is not what may be expected of the solemnly-stepping, silent-shod, police-constable. He has, as a rule, enough to do without it.

But Charles Marshall and James Ryan, up yesterday at Worship-street Police Court for being disorderly and assaulting the police, seemed to think differently.

Six young men and three girls, said the police, were making a hubbub in Goswell-road. Among them were Marshall and Ryan, who, when asked to move on, became aggressive. Marshall was caught. Ryan hit his man and ran away, and was extracted with difficulty from a house in which he took refuge.

Mr. Cluer thought there had been more temper than disorder. The police seemed to have provoked the matter.

Marshall was acquitted. Ryan was fined 20s.

THE APPLE OF HER EYE.

Paris Juggler Defends an Action By an Exhibition.

Advertisement is the life of a stage performer, and none so sweet as a bold réclame copied in many papers at such a ridiculous cost as a fine of thirteen shillings and fourpence.

Sterzelin, the Greek juggler, at Paris, has managed to achieve wide notoriety out of the seemingly unpromising material of an action for damages brought against him by a lady he had damaged during the course of his performance.

The particular line of juggling and other antics of Sterzelin was to intercept apples and other missiles thrown to the apparent danger of the audience by an attendant. On one particular night a dangerous proved very real to the apple scores of apples juggler muffed the catch and the apples damaged Sterzelin in her eye.

She naturally sought damages, and Sterzelin, in her eye, and all the saved the lady's dignity. A remark by the lawyer for the plaintiff, concerning clumsiness brought the juggler to the ground, and before the astonished judge attached to the case he had caught apples on a spike attached to his forehead and run through the gamut of his feats. He lost his case, but has won a popular worth a performer's fortune.

THREE CADDIES AND A GUN.

Before the Highgate Bench yesterday was a tale of three caddies and a gun. The boys were playing East Finchley golf links. The boys were playing with the weapon discovered in a shed when one of them, George Froome by name, shot another, William Shepherd, in the arm.

Shepherd told how Froome, when the gun was found, pointed it at another boy named "Lowe," and then at witness. They did it "anyhow."

Lowe was loaded, and Froome held it attempted murder. Accused, who is charged with attempted murder, looked very sorrowful, and was remanded on bail.

How Miss Alix Leaped Her Fate from the Ring Death.

There has been a terrible accident at the Circus, the victim being Miss Mina Alix, a young girl who, it will be recollected, appeared at the London Hippodrome.

It happened in this way. During the performance of "The Ring of Death" Miss Alix was to go the "go" the car started on its journey and a few seconds later it was in the air.

Instead of keeping to the rails the car was hurled into the air, and Miss Alix, who was seated in the front, sustained very serious injuries.

When appearing at the Hippodrome Miss Alix escaped any serious mishap, but she was very faint.

Her recovery is stated to be doubtful. Several ladies fainting.

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FUND.



MISS MARIE CORELLI.

MISS MARIE CORELLI.
 been demolished to make way for the
 The two nearest to the Shakespeare cot-
 plain-looking brick cottages, with no por-
 tage at a first glance. Underneath the
 however, are the old beams and plaster.
 her two cottages are already being re-
 ed. The bricks and plaster have been re-
 and the skeleton of old fifteenth century



the Court awarded.

ms has been left standing. The walls will
ed with plaster in exact imitation of the
isting old cottages.
finished they will form a museum of manor
and will be open for the use of students.
were last used as a shop under the name
: Old Crock Shop."

THE KING AND THE CARPENTERS.

Edward is taking great interest in the building of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and the wedding of Princess Alice of Albany and Alexander of Teck. Jean and Mr. A. Y. Nutt met his Majesty and accompanied him to the chapel. They were busy putting the awning up over the steps at the west door, and the King moved among them as they sawed and planed the wood, examining every detail, and giving suggestions as to the decoration of the interior. The room in the Castle will be occupied for



Stratford-on-Avon.

adding, and extensive preparation
for the festivities.
Chapter of the Order of the Garter, which
been held for many years, will meet
ary 9 at Windsor Castle, the day before
wedding.

fishermen were drowned on Long Point
through the capsizing of a lugsaul canoe.
they were fishing with lines. A third man
the crew was rescued by a boat which
om the shore at once.

JAN. 26, 1904.

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THE NEW ST. PATRICK.



St. Patrick is credited with having rid his country of all reptiles.
fiscal frogs and tariff toads out of Ireland."

Mr. Winston Churchill hopes to win equal renown by driving "the car" as he said in his speech on Saturday in Dublin.

AMUSEMENTS

[illegible]

PERSONAL

[illegible]

NOTICES TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business
Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are:—
2, CARMELITE-STREET,
LONDON, E.C.
TELEPHONES: 1310 and 1319 Holborn.
The West End Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are:—
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TELEPHONE: 1988 Gerrard.
TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Reflexed," London.
PARIS OFFICE: 25, Rue Talbott.

The
Daily Mirror.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 26, 1904.

TO-DAY'S REFLECTIONS.

The Fascination of Danger.

It has happened at last. It was bound to happen. Such performances as "Looping the Loop," whether on a bicycle or in a motor-car, are attractive simply because they are dangerous, and people who do a really dangerous thing every day must one day come to grief, according to the law of chances. It may be that their nerves are in a less taut condition than usual. Or it may be that their materials fail in some small point. A bolt loose, a catch not securely fastened, and the mischief is done.

What it was flung poor Mina Alix out of her motor-car as she looped the loop in Madrid we do not yet know. What we do know is that she lies a crushed heap of flesh and bones, hovering between life and death, if she has not already by the time these lines are read crossed the border-line upon which she has ventured so long. Yet, whom can we blame? Not this plucky girl who played with Death in order to live. If we had all once gained our daily bread by taking our lives in our hands, and then deliberately chosen some safer methods, we should have the right to call her a fool. But people who have never known the fierce joy of danger—people who shrink at the very thought of whirling through space with the chance of being at any moment whirled into eternity.

such people should, from very decency, be silent in the face of such a catastrophe as this.

Nor can we, without incurring the reproach of the man who pointed out the mote in his brother's eye, cry out upon the public for being fascinated by such an exhibition. It is an instinct of human nature to seek the thrill which comes from watching a fellow-creature perform a dangerous feat. Before we take to calling attention to motes in others' eyes, let us be sure that we have no beams in our own. It may not be particularly elevating to see Mina Alix tearing round a frail structure of boards, head downwards, in a motor-car, or Blondin walking across Niagara on a tight-rope, or Zazel being shot out of a cannon. But, so long as these feats are performed, so long will the mass of people love to hold their breath and fix wide eyes upon them; and *per contra* so long as human nature remains what it is, so long will intrepid men and women perform them.

We may regret it, but we cannot alter it, and therefore let us refrain from canting about it.

BREAKFAST TABLE TALK.

Yesterday was the birthday of Scotland's national poet. There was a hot time in Edinburgh last night, and, as a consequence, a number of persons were admitted to the police stations suffering from Burns.

A vacancy in the new Order of Merit has been caused by the death of Sir Harry Keppel, and an eminent writer has been heard to say that she considers that the enrolment of a successful lady novelist would be a graceful tribute to the fair sex.

A proposal will be made to the London County Council to-day to abandon the licences of three public-houses which the Council has acquired. It is really sad to see the Council, which was once thought too puritanical, deliberately pursuing a policy of abandoned licence.

A penniless Russian alien, who said his name was George Brown, but whose name is believed to terminate in "owski," has performed the feat of riding 120 miles on the step of an express dining-car. He comes, however, from

South Russia, where riding on the Steppes is an every-day occurrence.

An English boy of sixteen, having gained admittance to the gambling rooms at Monte Carlo, won £4,000 in three days. The authorities intend to set their faces against gambling by minors in future, the case of the boy in question having brought home to their minds the evils of such a state of things in the most direct and forcible manner.

"Fancy having six feet of sore throat," exclaimed the great humorist on seeing the giraffe at the Zoo. An elephant in Minnesota has had an even worse time, for in addition to a yard and a half of frozen nose he had several square feet of frost-bitten ear. It was enough to spoil any animal's temper, and the keeper is likely to be in hospital for some time to come.

It is reported from Rome that some important papers have been stolen from the Ministry of Marine, and it is feared that they are in the possession of a foreign spy. The distracted Ministers are eagerly awaiting the appearance of the February numbers of the illustrated magazines, which usually contain full details of all the latest diplomatic robberies and assassinations.

A weekly journal points sadly to the fact that all farming operations nowadays are becoming more and more a matter of machinery.

The ploughboy winds his motor horn,
And puffing drives the furrow brown,
Where in due time the golden corn
The patent "binder" shall cut down.
Untouched by Giles's hoe or prong,
The earth her harvest now shall yield,
And where the lark once poured his song
The stormy petrol holds the field.

The latest profession in Paris is that of the dog masseur, who will take the wrinkles out of a bulldog's face for £3. This is cheap enough considering the risk of the bulldog taking bits out of the operator, but 16s. for frizzing a dog's tail is simply preposterous. Any self-respecting man would sooner take his dog out with its tail unfrizzled than submit to such an extortion. A high charge for work at the biting end is only fair, but the wagging end should be done at merely nominal rates.

A motoring journal wants to know "who will paint the first great motor-car picture in the Academy?" So far the R.A.'s do not seem to be falling over each other in their eagerness to break fresh ground in this direction. The usefulness of the motor-car is beyond question, but its artistic beauties take a lot of knowing before they can be appreciated. Perhaps we had better wait till Sir William Richmond turns out his promised triumph in the way of an artistic car design. Till then artists will doubtless prefer to paint horses.

PICTURES AND PORTRAITS ILLUSTRATING PEOPLE—

“RITA” ON THE RAMPAGE.

Where She Got the Material for Her “Smart Set” Articles.

“Rita” has written a long letter to the *Daily Mirror* with reference to our article upon her “smart set” articles in book form.

The following are the heads of her complaint:—
If anything deserves to be called “hysterical” it surely is the outburst of your contributor of the 22nd inst. She indulges in a paroxysm of rage because my articles on the “smart” set have been re-issued in a 1s. booklet.

As she is so exceedingly fond of telling me that I know nothing of what I am writing about, I feel inclined to return the compliment.

In the first place, my articles, so far from being received with laughter and derision by the public—(exclusive of *Daily Mirror* contributors)—were so exhaustively re-demanded that the editor of the “Gentlewoman” has seen

Maxwell, who, presiding yesterday at the London and Provincial Bank meeting, said the annual State expenditure had grown from £108,000,000 in 1889 to £143,500,000 in 1903-4.

Municipal expenditure showed an even more rapid growth. For the year 1881 the total municipal expenditure in the country was £63,000,000. Ten years later it had grown to £71,000,000, and in 1901 it amounted to £134,000,000. We had now approached the limits of municipal expenditure, and must be more chary in future.

LEAKAGE OF LIFE.

Mothers' Ignorance Fatal to Hundreds of Young Children.

The infant mortality in some parts of London is simply appalling.

In Bethnal-green during the last three months 923 children were born, while 181 died under the age of one year. This, if the figures can be taken as representing the average birth and death rates

THE ROYAL GHOSTS.



A Servian Picture Postcard, which has been suppressed by the police in Belgrade as an unpleasant reminder of King Alexander's and Queen Draga's fate.

reprehensible habit, which is responsible for the loss of many lives.

“What can we do? It is difficult to say. Very few of them can read English, so it is no use sending them anything written or printed. I suppose the only course is to send round district visitors to explain things and try to persuade them into better habits.”

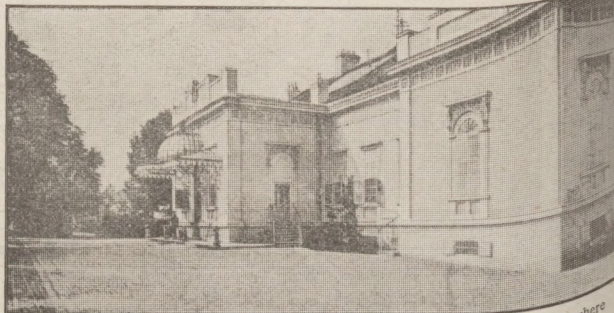
It is terrible to contemplate this needless sacri-

THE ANTI-D. LEAGUE.

“The Anti-D. League” is the latest enterprise on the part of American society, with the object of eliminating the topics of “dress, domesticity, and disease” from general conversation. Thus it is hoped that men will no longer find feminine “title-tattle” distasteful.

Another new society commenced active work

THE LONELY PALACE.



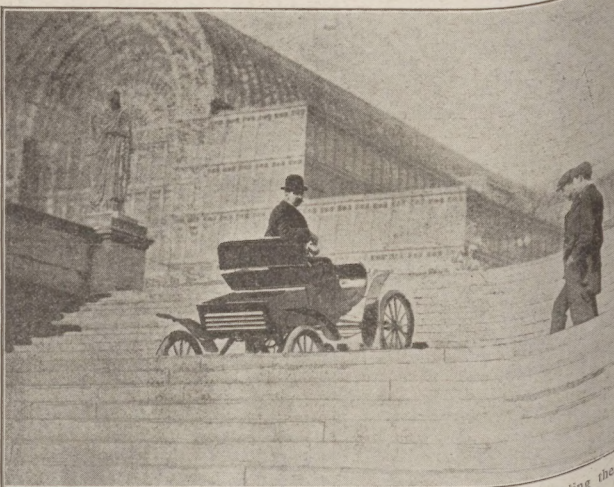
The Konak where the royal pair met their deaths is now deserted. This is where their ghosts are said to walk.

fice of life, but the remedy—to send round instructors at the ratepayers' expense—is not one likely to be altogether pleasing to Londoners.

“ALL WHO ENTER HERE, MAY SWEAR.”

Let us laugh!
The congregation at the Wesleyan Chapel, Hanley, have already laughed immoderately over

yesterday. The servant-girl problem troubles the housewife in the United States even more than it does the matrons of this slow, old country. With the object of solving the difficulty the Women's Domestic Guild of America has been formed, and yesterday operations were commenced in a “sky-scraper” in East Thirty-fourth-street, New York. The registration fee for servants is fixed at four shillings, and a similar amount is to be charged the employer on engagement. There will be



A Motor Car climbs the steps of the Crystal Palace. No chance of exceeding the speed limit on this road.

the following story, which a Mr. T. Edwards introduced into his discourse on Sunday night:—
“I recently,” he said, “asked a theological student whether any swearing took place in Wesleyan colleges when things went wrong. The student replied, ‘We are not allowed to swear in college.’”

“What does a student do when he wants to swear?” Mr. Edwards asked.
“The student replied, ‘I will let you into a secret. Just outside our college grounds is a cave, in which an old man dwells. When students are very angry, and want to swear, they go to this old man, and, as they pass into the cave, hand him a penny, saying, ‘Here, take this. I am going to have a pennyworth!’”

schools of cooking, waiting, and household duties generally, while branches will be established at Boston, Chicago, Washington, and Philadelphia.

PROBLEM OF SPEED.

What was the speed at which Councillor Scarisbrick, the ex-Mayor of Southampton, drove his motor-car? The magistrates were informed by a police man yesterday that the rate was over twenty miles an hour. A cabman said that it was over forty, whereupon a fellow-cabman stepped forward and stated that the car was travelling at double the rate of an express train. Mr. Scarisbrick himself put it at ten miles.

The only clue to the riddle was a £3 fine.



Photo by

A Childish Reverie.

(Lillie Charles)

fit to bring them out in a complete form. They are his property—not mine; and I did not publish them.

Secondly, let me ask your correspondent why she persists in saying I have no information on the subject of the “Smart Set”? As it happens, I had the best and most authentic details before I wrote, or, rather, was asked to write, on their vagaries.

Is it quite impossible for an onlooker to see the best of the game?

I have noted with some amusement that, since abusing my articles for their unveracity, the *Daily Mirror* has actually published paragraphs containing similar indictments against society.

In conclusion, I would inform your contributor that I had no need to advertise myself—or earn a “cheap” notoriety by means of my articles—or even by the kindly notice of “bogus duchesses” and titled correspondents in the *Mirror*.

I trust my literary reputation is founded on sufficiently sure grounds to be independent even of a libel action, or the criticism of an unsigned article by an anonymous and, evidently, spiteful writer!

We have no comment to offer save this—that those who use the strongest language about others are often the most sensitive to any kind of criticism themselves.

MUNICIPAL EXTRAVAGANCE.

All our leading financiers are troubled over the enormous increase in municipal expenditure. The latest to deal with the question was Sir Herbert

in Bethnal-green, means that one baby in five dies before it is twelve months old!

Of course, the ordinary death-rate among young children is very high; but in Hampstead and Lewisham scarcely more than one in nine dies at such a tender age, and it is therefore obvious that a shocking number of helpless infants must be unnecessarily sacrificed in districts like Bethnal-green and Shoreditch.

The medical officer for the former district gives an interesting explanation of the chief causes of this state of things, and also raises a point which those in favour of checking alien immigration will do well to make a note of.

The Alien Again.

“Considering the poverty and crowded state of the district,” he said, “our infant mortality used to be fairly low, but latterly it has gone up through the alien immigrants who swarm in this neighbourhood. The filthy, ignorant paupers who come to this country from various parts of the Continent have no idea of the way to treat children, and their habits affect the health of the whole district.”

“Did you notice that woman and child who have just gone out? They are fair specimens of the class. The woman has been feeding the child on the same sort of food she is eating herself. Of course the child is utterly unable to digest it. Many of the women round here kill their children in this way, but these aliens are the worst offenders.”

That same woman has not washed it for at least a week, and it is in an unspeakably filthy condition. In addition to these two great causes of infants' deaths, these people keep their babies in the same bed with them—a most dangerous and

AND EVENTS IN THE NEWS OF YESTERDAY.

"LIQUID SUNSHINE."

Luminous Drinks May Be Made from Radium.

It is possible that the near future will see a fluid made from radium and administered as a medicine. The suggestion is startling enough in itself, but Dr. Morton, a New York professor, holds the opinion that such a thing is by no means impossible.

Discussing recently, the doctor explained in detail



TOD SLOAN'S PRETTY SISTER.
She will be glad when her brother is riding in England again.

the way to which radium might be put in curing cancer, emphasizing those of an internal character. The use of radium in the sense of which he spoke would, he thought, be very large in the future, providing that investigations now being made come out in the way hoped for.

Dr. Morton produced a sample of a mixture he called "Liquid Sunshine." He said that the benefit to the medical man in using it was an internal complaint would be very much relieved by means of the fluid the affected part of the body was illuminated.

The advantage of radium over the X-rays,"

he said, "was that it could be applied direct to the part affected. For example, if placed in a small tube it might be inserted in the throat, and in similar manner it might be applied to any vital region. In other words, with radium they would be able to get at the seat of diseases. There was no end, in his opinion, to the cures which might be effected by radio-activity, excited in one way or another."

The doctor concluded with a word of warning as to the great amount of caution that must be exercised.

ST. LOUIS "VICE TRUST."

Secret of Recent Activity in the "White Slave" Traffic.

Much has been heard lately of the kidnapping of girls in various parts of Europe.

This, it appears, is all part of an organised scheme, the object of which is to bring young women to St. Louis during the World's Fair.

The United Mission Association of St. Louis has been hard at work collecting facts with the intention of influencing the United States Government to take active steps against this nefarious traffic.

"Agents," says Mr. Gott, the president of the association, "are now scouring Europe and the United States for girls who are to be sold to sin in St. Louis during the World Fair. Innocent, poor girls in Europe are promised good positions and trapped into coming over the ocean and landed at St. Louis without friends or money."

"The only thing many of these poor girls will



MR. HAROLD COX
has resigned the Secretaryship of the Cobden Club, the Free Trade headquarters.

Photo by Elliott and Fry.

see ahead to keep them from starvation is a life of shame.

"We are now at work collecting proof that agents of the 'vice trust' are actually abroad to bring girls to America to be sold to keepers of dives and dance halls."

The society's intention is to present proofs to the proper Government officials. It is hoped, unless

"MICK AND MACK."



Miss Marie Dainton and Mr. Farren Soutar burlesque the Palace Theatre knockabouts in the "Chinese Honeymoon."

(Hana.)

girls arriving in the country can prove that they have legitimate positions awaiting them, the Federal Government will return them whence they came, especially if their destination be St. Louis.

The association warns all young women against seeking employment in St. Louis this year. Thousands of girls have already been engaged under alluring but false promises.

The St. Louis railway stations are patrolled by members of the association with the object of doing all they can to prevent strange girls from being victimised by the sharks in wait for them.

FIRE CURTAILS MEAL TIME.

'Busmen Have Their Troubles, But Their Life Defies Consumption.

"You may as well sit still, sir, we're going round this way for eight weeks."

So said, in a resigned tone, a 'bus conductor, at the Piccadilly corner of Berkeley-street, yesterday afternoon.

"Busmen are distinctly aggrieved. In consequence of the fire in Piccadilly nearly the whole of the road will be impassable for eight weeks, and all traffic going eastwards must travel via Berkeley-street, Bruton-street, Conduit-street, and Regent-street, till Piccadilly-circus is reached.

This means for busmen twenty minutes instead of forty minutes for dinner; and for tea ten minutes instead of thirty-five. And there is no hint of compensation in any shape or form.

"Busmen have been having a bad time of it lately," the conductor went on. "The wet slippery weather makes driving more difficult, and the fog of last week meant the complete loss of meal times for days to nearly every 'busman on the road."

On one point the conductor was optimistic. He declared that the life of a 'busman is one of the healthiest in the world.

"A friend of mine," he said, "who had a bad cough, ran on one of our West Kensingtons for five years. Then he went on to the Tube, and was dead in seven months."

He was consumptive, and it was only being all day long in the open air that had kept him alive.

FATAL CHEAPNESS.

Despite repeated warnings told in the courts, London coroners are still busy holding inquests on persons who have lost their lives through wearing flannelette garments. These, to quote from a witness, are aflame before one knows it.

Dr. Westcott, at an inquiry respecting the tragic death of Nurse Molyneux at Hackney Infirmary, regretted the case was another instance of the extreme danger to those wearing this kind of night-

dress. There was some flannelette said to be fire-proof, but the sale was limited, on account, he supposed, of its being a penny more a yard.

THE WICKED WAYS OF A DOG.

A correspondent of the "Evening News" is worried about his little dog. He does not know exactly what sort of dog his pet is—a fancier described it as "a sort of cross between a half-breed



MISS MARIE HALL.
One of our most charming violinists, is coming back to London.

(Russell.)

and a mongrel"—but he does know what it has brought home during the past three days.

The list includes:—

- A mutton chop.
- A pair of baby's shoes.
- 5 onions.
- 3 india rubber balls.
- 3 rashers of bacon.
- 2 blacking brushes.
- A lobster.

The correspondent is now in a quandary. He loves his dog, but its depredations are making him nervous.

LADY CURZON,



Who will soon be back from India to grace the London season.

...second to receive 20 sovs. Two m
...Clark's MARK TIME, by Marco
...12th 7lbP.
...Joe THE MARINE, aged,

COLONEL COURAUD, WHO GOVERNS THE SAHARA DESERT.

A Pen and Pencil Picture of the American Prime Minister of Emperor Jacques Lebaudy the First.

A Man of Brains, Once the Associate of Thomas A. Edison —He Governs an Entire Desert from the Savoy Hotel, 1,500 Miles Away—A Glimpse of the Colonel in the Act of Governing.

Colonel Gouraud, an American, who was once associated with Thomas A. Edison, the wizard of electricity, is the only man in England capable of governing the Sahara desert from the Savoy Hotel.

Colonel Gouraud is not only the Governor-General of the patent empire of Jacques Lebaudy, President of the Court of St. James. The fact that James has not as yet recognised him is in another story.

The new Governor-General governs the Sahara in a very general sort of way, but it is agreed that it is the only manner in which it can be effectively governed until it has some inhabitants. These are being drummed up in large numbers, and as soon as the Emperor gets a shipload of subjects they will be expected and dotted over the empire at appropriate intervals.

Governor-General Gouraud has so many callers he would waste his time that much of it is occupied in arranging not to see them. To make sure only persons of importance get access to the Emperor, a system of checks has been devised. A

must excuse my undress uniform, but I was at work all night with his Majesty the Emperor, and now, after two hours' sleep, I start the day again. Same every night."

"I wonder you can stand it, sir," I ventured.

"'Tis marvellous; I'm the only man in the world that can do it. When I was on the Staff in the American war the general sent for me. I had not been in bed for eight nights. 'Special duty; daren't trust anyone else,' he said. 'Gouraud was no sleep; take a sergeant's guard and cut through the enemy's centre'—still I can't tell you the story now. Take a seat."

As there was nothing but the towel-horse left to sit on, I leaned against the towel-horse. With a wave of his hand the Colonel introduced me to the other visitors at what he called his 'Petit Levée.' A colonel in the English Army, a gen-

celency, "blue for the purity of the Emperor's motives, and the gold for the dawn of the new Era. Splendid, isn't it?"

"Is that the flag that was lost and there has been so much talk about?"

His Excellency's face dropped. "No," he replied, coldly, "that was a drawing on card of his Majesty's flag that I lost. Can't think what I've done with it, unless I sent it away for a Christmas card."

"Well, your Sublime Excellency, will you tell the readers of the *Daily Mirror* a little about the Sahara?"

Then, taking a cigarette, and arranging himself more comfortably on the pillows, his Excellency began to talk of the Empire.

"It's an inexhaustible subject," he said. "The climate alone is worthy of another poem by friend

them. Lansdowne has replied, I expect, to my last. I was forced to put it rather strong. Sorry to worry them just now with this Japanese business, but it was necessary. Besides, they are all very decent to me at the Foreign Office. The porter is always most polite; knew me when I was in the photograph business."

"Ah, yes," glancing at the letter, "as I thought. 'Note contents of my letter.' Very kind and attentive, I'm sure; they know there is no trifling with me. Talking of photographs, I should like you to hear my collection of records; worth millions; no money could buy them. What's money compared to the voices of the dead?"

"Excuse me, your Excellency," said a page we had not noticed enter, "the cabman says do you want him to wait all day, as his horse is cold."

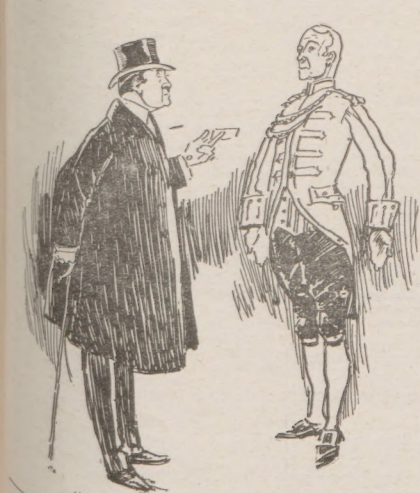
"How dare you come up with such a message," demanded his Excellency, in a voice of thunder. "You know if he wants to communicate with me he must fill in a form! Away!"

The boy fled.

"Where was I?" and he sank wearily back on his pillows.

"Please, your Excellency, need I wait?" asked Captain Kettle.

The Governor-General looked at him with a look that would freeze a hot potato. "No, though I should have thought, captain, you would have liked to improve your mind."



"Kindly give his Excellency my card."



Ushered into his Excellency's presence.

form must be filled up by him who craves audience. These forms are supplied in large numbers to the waiters and major-domos of the Savoy Hotel, who produce a bunch of them whenever they detect in a guest any symptoms of wanting to see his Excellency.

The *Daily Mirror* representative filled up a form and waited ten minutes he was escorted by a band

TO SEE COLONEL GOURAUD.

Name *Thuty Frost*

Rank *February*

Time of Calling *3a.m*

Name of Visitor *Ega Chopin*

Address *18 Avenue Embarcadure*

Telephone No. *4-11-44*

Telegraphic Address *Buncombe*

Object of Business *To make a few remarks about the weather*

Precautions taken to ward off bores.

deman in the Civil Service, a seafaring-looking man, somewhat like Captain Kettle, and the Poet Laureate of the new empire and Press censor, Mr. H. Woodhouse.

"You're just in time," said the Governor-General; "the Colonel is appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Sahara. We are discussing the new uniform for the Imperial Guards."

"Here Woodhouse," he said to the tame Poet Laureate, "show Mr. Mirror the flag of the greatest and freest Empire of which I have ever heard."

The flag is about as far as they have got, besides an Emperor, a Governor-General, and a Poet Laureate. With a rapidity that showed how well he was trained, the Poet Laureate waved it in the air.

It was a lovely blue flag with a crescent and a gold star upon it.

"You see the emblematic meaning," observed the Governor-General, speaking as of something very obvious.

"I'm afraid I don't," I said.

"Tut, tut, it's easy enough," exclaimed his Ex-

cellency. The mineral wealth, the ore, and other productions are equally marvellous."

"Of course you've been there?"

"Well, no; not exactly."

"The natives," I inquired, "happy under their new ruler?"

"Perfectly. All wild with joy. At least, those that we've seen. We had two here the other day, and there's another somewhere."

"How do you get there?" I inquired.

"Easily enough. We have our own line of boats from Las Palmas. There is our Marine Superintendent," turning to one of the gentlemen; "and

Honour Better than Salary.

Captain Kettle bowed himself out, muttering something about his dinner. For a moment there was a silence in the room.

The Commander-in-Chief broke it. "Has his Majesty said anything definite about our appointments yet?"

"Well, no, not exactly. You see, I mentioned it, but he did not continue the conversation, and what could I do? You must not continue a subject that's distasteful with royalty."

"That's all very well," replied the soldier, "but I should like to know where I am."

"Where are you, indeed," demanded his Excellency, "why, in the service of the greatest and freest monarch in the world."

"Greater than all monarchs, who have inherited their crowns. He's made his, and carved his name in the sands of time. What is salary to such a position?"

Finding the air somewhat disturbed, I presumably enquired if there was any chance of seeing his Majesty.

"Certainly not," exclaimed his Excellency, "he hates Pressmen, and objects to them seeing him. But I am an old Pressman myself."

"What paper did you write for?"

"All papers; the 'Express' principally, and, though I always take it, it's not the paper it was when I wrote for it."

"And you've given up writing?"

"No, not all. My book is coming out shortly, entitled, 'From Pauper to Prime Minister, or Fingerposts and Turnings.' Wonderful book! I expect the 'Times' will sell it the same way as the 'Encyclopedia Britannica.' Everybody ought to have a copy, it's a liberal education."

"Can you give me a photo of yourself for the *Daily Mirror*?"

"I'm afraid not; but you say my features are very similar to Cecil Rhodes."

"Oh, much finer, your Excellency," interjected the Poet Laureate.

"Well, perhaps so," pulling the ends of his moustaches; "but we Empire makers are all cast in the same mould."

The Governor-General is organising the First

of trained myrmidons, bowing obsequiously, to the Emperor, the lair of the Governor-General.

The serving-man then threw open the door of the apartment, and in a moment the *Daily Mirror* representative found himself in the presence of his Excellency.

Through (he writes) the winter sun was shining brightly, the room was lighted by electric light. The room seemed full of people, and the gaze of the visitor automatically fell on the Governor-General. There was no mistaking the figure of a man in true Oriental indolence on his divan (it was really the bed).

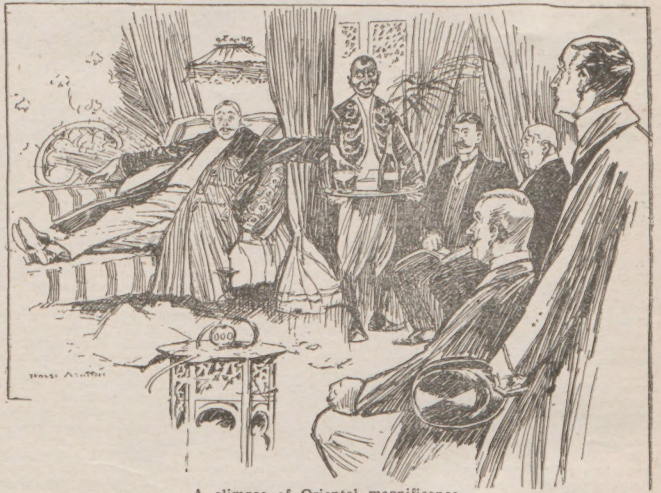
His embroidered dressing-gown was thrown over his shoulders, and his slender limbs were bared, but afterwards proved to be rich Turkish pyjamas. He had an extremely handsome face, his white hair in the middle and brushed with the utmost care. A carefully shaded pink lamp hung on the wall of the bed (divan) threw a soft light on the shadow.

Gouraud was holding the centre of the room with extreme ability.

"Ah, Mr. Frost, glad to see you!" he exclaimed. "You



Uniform of the "Chasseurs d'Afrique" (Lebaudy edition).



A glimpse of Oriental magnificence.

this is the captain of one of the boats"—pointing to Captain Kettle.

"Where will the boats ply to?"

"Troja, of course."

"Where is that?"

"Give me that map, Woodhouse," The poet laureate obliged.

"Here," said the Governor-General, putting his finger on the coast line of North-West Africa.

"Pardon me, sir," said the old seaman, "but you are about five hundred miles too far to the north."

"Oh, never mind," said his Excellency, easily, "somewhere there."

Just then a very worried secretary came in with a paper in his hand. "A letter from the Foreign Office."

"Ah, give it me. I thought we should rouse

Regiment of the Imperial Saharan Life Guards. It will consist of two battalions. Both men will be Americans, ex-members of the United States Army.

KING EDWARD'S TOUR.

Our Windsor correspondent sends a confirmation of the statement that the King will visit the Tsar at St. Petersburg this year if there is no war. His Majesty will also go to Berlin for a short stay with the Kaiser.

Slight structural alterations and repairs being necessary at Sandringham it is unlikely the Court will remain there for any lengthened stay until the autumn.

Chance, the Juggler.

BY CORALIE STANTON AND HEATH HOSKEN.

(Authors of "BY RIGHT OF MARRIAGE.")

CHAPTER LIII. Continued.

"How do you know?" the young man asked. "You have never suffered; you are always the same; nothing moves you; you look at everything from a superior height. No, you have never suffered."

"Because," said the priest, speaking in a low voice, with a strange note in it that Philip had never heard before, "I have deliberately avoided all the things that made your happiness, and now that you are about to lose them, plunge you into despair. I chose a different path. But—" and the strange note deepened in the beautiful voice—"if I have not suffered, perhaps I have not lived."

Philip laughed with boisterous irony. "If you call what I'm doing now living," he cried, "you're jolly well out of it. But it is like you to try to put me off with abstract discussions. There is one question; and you must answer it. Leave out all the religious embellishments, and tell me the truth like a man! Are you going to urge my father to confess?"

"I must, Captain Chesney."

"Then, please leave me now! Go to him and tell him that his son bids him good-bye."

"I will carry no such cruel message. You cannot mean it. I implore you to think—"

He moved towards the young man, and tried to hold his wild, despairing eyes with his own compelling gaze; but Philip was impervious.

"I don't want to talk to you any more," he said, harshly. "Please go!"

"Captain Chesney—"

"I don't want to have to turn you out," was the savage retort; "but if you don't go, I swear I will."

"There is nothing for me, then, but to pray for you."

"I don't care what you do. You'll be sorry when I'm dead!"

Patrick Lyle stood for a moment at the door. His fine eyes were filled with a great personal

dogma of the Church in the strictest and narrowest sense; yet he had the gift—which often proves fatal to a man's peace of mind—of being compelled to see the two sides of every question. And thus there was no anomaly in the fact that a man such as he should view with dismay the necessity of urging his friend to take this step that would produce nothing less than a convulsion in the world, but should not hesitate to urge it with all the strength and passion and authority of which he was capable.

He found Sir John sitting by his open window. There was no sign of a violent awakening in the old man's face; he looked perfectly happy and perfectly calm; and all the distressing symptoms of the last few days, the apathy and dark brooding, and the fear of death, appeared to have vanished as if by magic.

"His mind is at peace," thought the priest; and blamed himself for having even given a thought to the difficulties and disadvantages of this act of repentance and atonement.

But Sir John's first words were startling in their absolute quiet joyousness.

"Did you ever see such a glorious summer evening, Lyle?" he asked. "I'm thinking of going for a drive to-morrow. I've stayed in too much since I came here."

"I thought there was something you wanted to say to me," the priest's voice trembled between amazement and reproach. The contrast between his imagination and the reality was such a shock to his nerves that he actually found himself wondering whether he could have heard aright.

A shadow swept over Sir John's face; then his expression grew sadder, and he leaned forward in his chair. The younger man's amazement grew with every moment, for before him he saw his friend as he had first known him, dowered with that youthfulness of mind that is the world's gift to those who have been vitally interested in all that passes on its surface, and below it, and in the vast spaces through which it spins.

"Lyle," said the older man, "you remind me—"

a most extraordinary thing has happened to me. Just now I was talking to Philip—he was angry—it must have been about something that displeased him—I know it was something that I wanted to do. But, Lyle, I have clean forgotten it; and I have such a peculiar feeling, as if everything had just started again, as if something had been blotted out. Lyle, I must be losing my memory—losing my memory. It is a bad, bad sign—and I always hoped I might retain all my faculties to the end."

His voice grew vaguer. "But the strange thing is that I am absolutely certain it was something of great importance—of vital importance, I believe. But, of course, Philip will remind me. I am sure he was very angry, but I can't understand it, for I should not be likely to say anything that would hurt or displease him. He is the apple of my eye. It must be another trick of this poor memory of mine. But the thing disturbs me. Will you go to Philip, Lyle, and ask him to come here and

constantly striven with painful endeavour to remember that all-important thing that he had forgotten; while now it seemed that he had actually gained in physical strength, his voice rang clear, and, rather than anything else, he was disturbed and annoyed by the singular lapse of memory that he suffered from.

What if that strange rejuvenation, that returned youthfulness, meant that this would be permanent, that he would never remember again? What would be his duty then? Was it a sign, coming immediately after his interview with Philip? Did it mean that, in this one case, evil and good were so inextricably entangled that more harm than good would result from bringing the old history to the light of day?

He shook himself imperiously. What was the matter with him? Was he becoming a creature meriting the stigma from which he had just now so warmly defended his order? Was he wanting to do evil that good might come? Whether Sir John remembered or forgot, there was still only one course to follow—the right.

He paused at Philip Chesney's door. It seemed that he was fated to play the part of executioner, and make himself doubly hated of his old friend's son. It was no light task to tell the young man that he was summoned to his father's room to let in upon the old man's darkened brain the light that he had once withheld.

Patrick Lyle knocked at the door.

"Who is there?" called Philip's voice.

"It is I—Lyle."

"Come in."

The priest turned the handle; the door was not locked. Philip Chesney was standing by the table; on it was an open wooden case, containing a couple of revolvers.

The young man looked up, and laughed boisterously.

"Have you come to see whether I have enough courage to carry out my resolve, Monsignor?"

"Shut up that box, Captain Chesney," said Lyle, sternly. "You don't suppose that I would have left you, if I had imagined for a moment that you meant—"

"Ah! you thought me a coward!"

"No, I believed you to be a man."

"Why have you come?"

"Your father—"

"What? You saw that I was right—you saw how cruel and unjust and unpardonable it would be?"

"He broke off; his flushed face paled before the priest's white grave face."

"No, Captain Chesney," was the quiet answer.

"I have come to tell you that your father has again—forgotten."

"Thank God!" The cry came from the depths of the young man's heart.

"Do not thank God," was the gentle rejoinder, "unless you can thank Him with a humble heart for a cross that He may have sent to try you."

"What do you mean?" There was little humility in Philip's flashing eyes.

Our NEW SERIAL, BEGINNING THURSDAY NEXT, is from the pen of

MR. WALTON BARRETT,

Actor-manager and Author of "The Sign of the Cross," "The Daughters of Babylon," and the Creator of the title-role in "The Silver King."

It is called

"THE PATH OF THE PRODIGAL."

The Story of a Deadly Sin and Its Atonement.

tenderness. Philip stood motionless, with his back turned.

The priest sighed and went out, closing the door softly behind him.

Before he went to Sir John, he knelt down in his own room.

Philip's words rang in his ears. "You'll be sorry when I'm dead!" It was the parting shot of a passionate child, rather than the solemn determination of a man. He did not believe that Philip Chesney would take his life; but he was sorely disturbed, for the ordeal was severe through which his friend must pass, with those who belonged to him.

"Oh, give me guidance," he prayed to his God, "and turn his heart, for if I believed he really meant this, the choice would be the most difficult that Thy humble and unworthy servant was ever called upon to make. And Thou, oh Holy Mother, watch over him and protect him for the sake of the woman who loves him, and who is not here to comfort and strengthen him in this his hour of need."

When Patrick Lyle rose from his knees, he made his way, with intense and painful misgivings, to Sir John's private sitting-room.

It cannot be disguised that his task was intensely distasteful to him. If he had turned a deaf ear to all the arguments that Philip Chesney had put forth on his side, it was not because he did not see the force of them, but because he could not allow himself to. It seemed to him one of the most difficult positions that could be imagined, and an absolute and literal example of the dictum that the sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children. And yet, from his own point of view, the thing was simplicity itself. There was only one thing he could do, and that was to urge the necessity for confession and atonement. But it went sorely against the grain, for he saw clearly what a terrible crash this edifice so firmly established would make in its falling, and he saw what a severe loss it would be to his Church. And he was not one of those who found, as many priests have done, a proud and passionate joy in forcing the will of the Church upon those over whom he had spiritual control. He was at heart an individualist; and therefore had never had much vogue as a confessor. Deep down in his heart he had a hidden and unexpressed conviction that every soul should make its own peace with God. But this he stifled as an unworthy prompting of nature, and as reason to his office. But there was no more loyal son of the Church.

His was a mind of many and contradictory aspects. His ideal, perhaps, would have been a life in a supreme and polished man of the world; he was not a fanatic, and yet he had been fanatical in his arguments with "Quo Vadis"; he was an ardent supporter of the teaching and

set my mind at rest? It is really very foolish of me—"

He broke off, muttering a little indistinctly. And then suddenly a bright light flashed into his blue eyes.

"Good God!" he cried, in a clear and intensely shocked voice. "Is it true? Something came back to me just then. Is it true, Lyle, or did I dream it? Is poor Clowes dead—really dead?"

The priest was speechless. He nodded his head.

"Poor Clowes! Who would have thought that he would go first, and so suddenly—it was sudden, wasn't it?"

"I believe—very sudden," answered the priest; and then he added with deep emphasis—"Lord Clowes is dead, and—you are his successor!"

But the word had no sort of effect on Sir John. "Yes, I know," he said, almost impatiently for him; "but it isn't the time to talk of that now, Lyle. Poor Clowes, I am very grieved; I would that he had outlived me, he and his son, and his son's sons. I do not care for greatness, or large responsibilities; you ought to know that, Lyle, my friend."

So Patrick Lyle found himself actually rebuked for setting his thoughts on the glories of the world; and he was in no mood to see the grim irony of the situation. He had not yet recovered from his amazement; he was absolutely at sea.

"I can't think of anything but this extraordinary thing that has happened to me," Sir John continued. "I seem to remember that I actually felt the moment when something stopped; and before that all is a blank—between that moment and this morning all is a blank. It is a terrible thing to me, Lyle. I have always thought it a most terrible thing to lose one's memory. Sometimes I couldn't remember who painted a certain picture or in which gallery it hung; and it annoyed me immensely. But I must try to bear it patiently."

Inwardly the priest groaned. The scene was beginning to assume an enormous and heart-rending pathos in his eyes.

"Yes, I must learn to bear it," Sir John's voice was surprisingly youthful and animated. "I must help me, Lyle. To lose one's memory! It puts one so out of touch with the world."

"But your friends," said the priest—he said it almost against his will—"your friends will be there to remind you."

"Yes," admitted the older man, fretfully, "but that is not the same thing. I must have my mind satisfied on the point. Lyle, please go and call Philip!"

The priest went slowly out of the room. He was still absolutely bewildered. What strange physiological process had taken place in his old friend's brain? This was a reproduction of that other loss of memory, and yet not quite a reproduction, for a year ago the sudden darkness that came on his mind had left him a physical wreck; he had been night unto death, and during the early days of his convalescence his mind had

"I mean that, as he has forgotten, he must be reminded."

"Bah! Are you going to begin all over again? All these months he has forgotten, and you have not said that he ought to be reminded."

"I did not see my duty so plainly. Listen, Captain Chesney, he has sent for you. When I went in to him, I saw at once that something was the matter. He remarked on the weather. Then he told me that he had suffered an extraordinary loss of memory. He had been talking to you and wanted to remember that he had angered you, but what about he could not possibly recall. He harped a great deal on his loss of memory. Then he suddenly remembered that Lord Clowes was dead; but that did not seem to recall other things to him. He asked me to call you. He said you would be sure to remember what he was talking about. He is not quite the same as he was last year."

"You mean he is not ill?" asked Philip, eagerly.

"It has not upset him so much."

"No—he does not seem ill; on the contrary, I thought he seemed younger. And the loss of memory does not seem so painful to him; he seems rather irritated than disturbed."

"It seems Fate has some sense of decency," said Philip. He spoke coolly, but eyed the priest with some uncertainty. "But what is the upshot of all this? What is it that you want to say to me?"

"That you cannot take advantage a second time of your father's loss of memory. It is your duty, Captain Chesney, to enlighten him. He will ask you, and you must do it."

The priest was not prepared for what followed. Philip turned on him suddenly. His face was ashen pale; his eyes blazed.

"What has it got to do with you?" he cried. "Haven't you done enough harm already? I won't be dictated to by you, or by anyone—I won't have you interfere any more. I forbid you to. It's not your business. It's quite enough that you've robbed me of my father's affection, that you've won him over until he thinks of nothing but the Church—and done it all by degrees, without anyone noticing that you were doing it—like the hypocritical Jesuit that you are! I say I've had enough of it. I won't stand by while you ruin us all! If you're so sure that you were once an old man's secrets in the confessional, and then use them to his disgrace and shame him and his family, I'll just see that you don't do it. I forbid you to have anything more to do with him. I'll turn you out of the house. I'll—"

For a moment he grew quite inarticulate in his rage, and then recovered himself, and with a more rule and insolent and unpardonable things; and to all of them Patrick Lyle listened unmoved, which calmness was perhaps the result of that rare gift of his of being able to see two sides of a question.

To be continued.

THE ATTRACTIVE 'KINK.'

"It is everything nowadays to possess an attractive 'Kink' in the hair."

"LADIES' FIELD."

A very pretty thing is wavy hair, or hair with a "kink." It seems to matter little what the shade of it may happen to be. From the golden tresses of the heroine of the popular novelist, down through every variety of blonde, and brown, and the richest and deepest black, hair that is wavy looks prettier and nicer than hair that is straight. Some people's hair is naturally wavy; while with others—and perhaps we shall be safe in saying, in the majority of cases—there is a straightness which is never prepossessing and which infrequently detracts in a marked degree from the general attractiveness of its owner.

It has been held to be not only a woman's privilege, but actually her duty to do the best she can for the benefit of her own personal appearance, and in this matter of wavy hair there is indeed a royal road opened for those whom nature has left unadorned, for we would differ the most clever expert to tell the difference between tresses of natural waviness and hair rendered wavy by the use of "Wavers."

A strong point about the Wavers is the very natural result produced.

When waving is overdone, the effect is unsatisfactory because a sort of harsh and artificial appearance is given to the hair. The effect of waving is absolutely spoilt if it is overdone. The object in waving is to get the hair as much into the shape of an unexploded "Back Wrapper" as possible, but to develop a scarcely perceptible undulation in it which shall be both graceful and artistic. There are few things more painful to those who have made hair-dressing a scientific study than to see a girl whose hair has been over-waved to the extent alluded to above. When waved with the help of "Hinde's Wavers," the hair flows as it were in a series of gentle undulations, and its general appearance is the very antithesis of sharp bends and short twists.

With the No. 11 Waver the hair is placed over and under as shown in the accompanying sketch. One important point to be remembered when waving the hair you always commence near the roots, whilst for curling you begin at the points or ends of the hair.

No. 14 is much simpler and equally effective than No. 11. It is used by passing the hair over and under as shown in the accompanying sketch. You require to wave, giving the hair a twist whole time. If the hair is rolled round loose and flat the wave will not be a success.

No. 18 is used in the same way as No. 14, and produces an equally pretty wave. It is considerably lighter, being composed of a frame of wire with a centre bar of tortoise.

No. 19 is a later pattern, and is most conspicuously adapted to give the long French wave so much in vogue at present. It is an excellent renovator and is used longer of the life of the wave, and after it is used the hair is secured in place, or even after it is dressed. If, when the hair is arranged, it is not straight, two or three of these "Wavers" are inserted in the required position and allowed to rest for ten or fifteen minutes before the hair dresser's hands.

"For her no fear of storm portending sky, Hinde's Wavers 'en the elements defy."

It is necessary to see that you get real "HINDE'S," as foreign crude made imitations are sometimes offered.

The late Lord Justice Chitty, on the application of Mr. Lewis Edmunds, Q.C., recently granted a perpetual injunction, with costs, restraining a rival firm from passing off spurious copies of "Hinde's Wavers."

Evidence was given by a lady named Mrs. Nobbs, of Westbury-on-Tyeme, who had suffered damage by such copies of "Hinde's Wavers" being used on her hair.

Ladies are urged to note that no counterfeits or imitations of "Hinde's" unless they are sold in its boxes and on the box. They are sold in its boxes and on the box.

every dealer in the three Kingdoms.

HINDE'S, LIMITED, Patentes and Manufacturers of Articles for the Dressing Table, Memoirs, Litan Works, Birmingham, and 1, Tabernacle-street, London, E.C.

The articles advertised in these columns are not on show at the "Daily Mirror" Office, 45, New Bond-street. Readers must communicate with the advertisers by letter.

Dress.

A HANDSOME Visiting Gown of magenta green velvet over silk; pleated blouse and bolero bodice, swathed silk belt, trimmed silk embroidery and lace. Price 150s. Write 3209, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A MAZING OFF—As an advertisement we will send a real fur muff, colour, 2s. 11d.; real marmoset Necktie, 2s. 11d.; white Thibet Necktie, 2s. 6d.; white foxing Necktie, 2s. 11d.; tipped lambswool Trimming, 21d.; yard all worth double; cash refunded if not approved. Harley's Warehouse, Armley, Leeds.

A N ELEGANT cream Duchess satin Evening Gown, Princess style; West End make; 24, 43, 5 guineas. Write 3270, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

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A N ELEGANT Evening Gown of cream mousseline de soie, handsome lace blouse lapped with pink rosebuds, charming bodice; medium size. Write 3260, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

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BARGAIN—New Sealskin Jacket; latest fashion; shape double-breasted, with silver storm collar; 27 15s.; also; mink marmoset long, 4s. 6d.; cost 42s.; approved. B. B., 43a, Clapham-road.

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BEAUTIFUL shawl-like Tea-Cost of emerald velvet, trimmed dark gold passementerie, lined gold satin; 28s.; medium. Write 3226, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

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BEAUTIFUL Semi-evening Gown of black crêpe de Chine, with velvet vest, and simple lace, charming bodice; 25 42s.; 23 15s. Write 3220, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

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BOLERO Costume of pale grey herring-bone checked, pleated skirt, 25s.; 23 15s. Write 3240, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

CHARMING black crêpe de Chine accented semi-evening Gown; handsome lace, frills edged lace on skirt and sleeves; 25s.; 23 15s. Write 3277, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

CHARMING embroidered pink silk Blouse, very fine lace to elbow of sleeves; quite small size; 10s. Write 3183, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

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CHARMING bicorne cloth Gown, trimmed with fur and velvet applique, thick, trimmed silk; quite good; 26, 43s. Write 3225, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

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CHARMING Princess Gown of dark blue cloth, skirt and bodice trimmed silk fringe, sleeve frills of lace; excellent condition; 15s. Write 3247, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

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DAINTY cream satin Blouse; beautifully made; cross tucks; quite fresh; 15s. Write 3220, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

DAINTY cream crêpe de Chine Blouse; worn twice; richly made; lace trimming; 21s.; cost 2 guineas. Write 3200, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

DAINTY cream cashmere Semi-Evening Gown; beautifully trimmed; 22 40s.; 27s. 6d. Write 3202, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

DAINTY cream and blue-spotted silk Ripp yoke of mousseline de soie; 22 15s. Write 3192, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

DARK blue frieze military Coat, red cloth piping; 15s. Write 3272, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

DARK blue serge Outdoor Costume, large collar of lace trimmed Russian braid; 24, 40s.; 28s. Write 3182, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

EAU de Nil Liberty satin Evening Gown; embroidered silver thread, with chiffon lace trimmings; medium; 30s. Write 3173, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

EXCEEDINGLY smart Visiting Gown of white cloth, handsomely stitched, lined silk; 27, 43s.; 40s. Write 3249, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

EXQUISITE lace Gown mounted over white satin, turquoise pattern Empire style, and trimming; good as new; cost 15 guineas; accept 12 10s. Write 3194, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

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FASHIONABLE black velvet Gown; with fine black lace insertions (transparent), gathered bodice; very becoming; 25 30s. Write 3208, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

FASHIONABLE plateau Hat of grey beaver, clusters of Parma violets and silk ribbon chiffon lining; 21s.; splendid quality. Write 3243, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

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FINE quality black Persian lamb Necktie and Muff, lined satin; 31 guineas. Write 3250, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

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GIRL'S Party Frock (about 14) of pale blue China silk, prettily made, frills, elbow sleeves, lace bodice; not soiled; worn once; 22s. Write 3197, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

GOOD tailor—Cycling Costume, safety skirt cost lined satin, dark grey cloth; medium. Write 3193, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

GREY hopsack Russian Coat and Skirt, grey silk blouse to match, costume strapped silk; well made; 35, 45s. complete. Write 3274, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

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HANDSOME Blouse of emerald green velvet, extra lace yoke with black silk laces at points; 25 43s.; 45 15s. Write 3228, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HANDSOME Afternoon Gown of claret-red liberty velvet; West End make; latest fashion; 25 43s.; 45 15s. Write 3195, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HANDSOME claret red cloth Afternoon Gown, bodice with velvet yoke, trimmed gold lace; 25 43s.; 45 15s. Write 3231, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

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HANDSOME Empire Tea-Gown of cream cloth; 25 43s.; 45 15s. Write 3174, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HANDSOME red cloth Coat; satin lined; lovely 25 43s.; 45 15s. Write 3268, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HANDSOME Semi-evening Gown of soft red spotted silk, 25 43s.; 45 15s. Write 3241, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HANDSOME black velvet basque Coat, Oriental trimming, embroidered stole ends, lined bodice; cost 9 guineas; accept 4 15s. Write 3182, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HANDSOME cream silk muslin Semi-Evening Gown, silk lining, trimmed pleated chiffon frills; 25 43s.; 45 15s. Write 3255, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

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MISFIT—Fashionable Costume of fancy tweed; well made; two deep cape to Russian coat; broad motifs; 45 15s. Write 3267, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

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Pretty dark red Costume for girl about 12; black-pleated skirt, trimmed lace and velvet; 15s. 6d. Write 3262, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

Pretty Dance Dress of cream spotted net over cream silk, frills, lace, etc.; 24, 40s. Write 3262, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

Pretty Semi-Evening Blouse of pale pink accordion-pleated silk, with fern guipure insertions; 18s. 6d.; medium. Write 3269, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

RED and white mixed frieze Russian Coat and short Skirt with pleated blouse; quite good and up-to-date; 24, 40s. 6d. Write 3207, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

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SMART black broadtail Russian Coat, good quality, with fine sable collar and revers; 5 guineas; cost 9 guineas. Write 3175, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SMART indigo blue cloth Coat and Skirt, 25 43s.; 45 15s. Write 3199, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SMART black fringes "Troisfleur" Costume, Russian coat, lined satin, inverted pleated skirt; 22 37s.; 38s. Write 3187, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SMART navy Melton cloth Russian Costume, with a few lines; 25 43s.; 45 15s. Write 3252, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SMART reseda green velvet Toque, brim and lining of cream Oriental cloth, with three green trimmings; 25 43s.; 45 15s. Write 3211, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SMART cream alpaca Costume, silk lined bolero coat, long skirt, with handsome blue and white linen openwork metal bodice; 25s. 6d.; 23s. 6d. Write 3210, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

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SMART turquoise frieze Walking Costume, with black and white trimmings; 25 43s.; 45 15s. Write 3183, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SMART blue cloth Gown, bodice trimmed in silk; in good condition; 19s. 6d.; 27 15s. Write 3204, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SMART pink frieze bolero Costume; coat lined white silk; shaped blouse on skirt; lace; 21, 40s.; 30s. Write 3278, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SMART red reversible tweed Golf Cape, black and white trimmings; 25 43s.; 45 15s. Write 3210, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SMART blue cloth Gown, bodice trimmed in silk; in good condition; 19s. 6d.; 27 15s. Write 3204, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SMART black sequin net Robe over black glaze frilled foundation, transparent yoke, elbow sleeves; 24, 41s.; 42 10s. Write 3286, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SPLENDID quality black Persian paw Stone Coat and Muff; cost 10gu, accept 4 6s.; lined satin. Write 3204, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

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STYLISH Winter Coat of black sibiline; 18s. 6d.; 25s. Write 3205, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

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STYLISH white satin Blouse, tucked and trimmed white Irish crochets; good quality; clean well; 24 43s.; 45 15s. Write 3276, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

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STYLISH cherry red cloth Gown, glaze silk applique, lined silk; 25 43s.; 45 15s. Write 3195, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

STYLISH red frieze Russian Costume with red and white silk embroidery on stole, cuffs, etc.; 23, 41s.; 45s. Write 3237, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

STYLISH model Gown of beige-coloured cloth; three cape to Russian blouse; deep frills of lace to sleeves; trimmed fur; cost 15 guineas; accept 4 4s. Write 3237, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

STYLISH Gown, for middle-aged lady, of black satin; merino; trimmings of lace and velvet ribbon; good condition; 27, 41s.; 49s. Write 3239, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

STYLISH fancy tweed Coat and Skirt, white satin facings, embroidered gold thread; with a few lines; 25 43s.; 45 15s. Write 3234, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

STYLISH lawn face cloth Costume, strapped glaze silk touches of green panes and silk foundation; 23, 40s.; 42 10s. Write 3269, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

STYLISH black cloth with silk applique semi-evening; quite good; medium size; 28s. 6d. Write 3264, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

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TAILOR-MADE black cloth Coat and Skirt, wide tucks, facings and collar of black velvet; West End make; 23 41s.; 28s. 6d. Write 3216, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

TAILOR-MADE grey Scotch tweed three-quarter semi-fitting Coat and short Skirt, well made; cost lined satin; 23, 43s.; 45s. Write 3264, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

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TWO beautiful nainsook Petticoats, lace edged frills, insertions, etc.; nearly new. 25s. the two; hand-made. Write 3207, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

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USEFUL Outdoor Costume of iron-grey frieze; strapped skirt; belted coat; short skirt; 25 43s.; 45 15s. Write 3212, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

USEFUL Winter Coat of grey flannel, strap collar, lined silk; 25 43s.; 45 15s. Write 3245, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

USEFUL Gown for girl of 12 (interest); dark red cloth, trimmed black silk; 25 43s.; 45 15s. Write 3245, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

VERY dainty Tea Jacket of green silk; large collar over shoulders; 18s. 6d. Write 3245, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.